

# THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.

Devoted to News, Politics, Intelligence, and the Improvement of the State and Country.

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## The Memories of the Heart.

We may shed the moss-veil from the rose,  
The blossom from the spray;  
The bloom that pearls the luscious grape  
A touch will brush away.  
The vine may loosen from the tree  
Which once it clung to fast;  
But the heart will keep its memories  
Till life itself be past.  
The gold must die from sunset skies,  
The purple from fair hills;  
The fawn-flowers fade from opal waves;  
Drought hush the babbling rills;  
The earth grow cold and passionless,  
North winter's bitter blast;  
But the heart will keep its memories  
Till life itself be past.  
The flush will fade from cheek and brow;  
The sweet smile wane and die;  
The freshness leave the coral lip;  
Tears dim the brightest eye;  
Youth, beauty, hope, and happiness,  
And love, may die at last;  
But the heart will keep its memories  
Till life itself be past.

## Commissioner Capron's Address

The following address was delivered before the Montgomery County (Maryland) Agricultural Society, by Hon. Horace Capron, Commissioner of Agriculture, on the 14th ult., at Rockville, Maryland.

Mr. President, Friends, and Fellow-workers in Agriculture—It is with no ordinary pleasure that I revisit a place which has become remarkable in the rural annals of Maryland for triumphs of progressive agriculture. I see in the conspicuous signs of thrift, of high fertility, of heavy production, where once barrenness and desolation ruled the scene, "confirmations strong as proofs of holy writ," ocular and conclusive demonstrations, that you and I were right, and the "low-pressure" delvers in the old fields were wrong.

Thirty years ago these smiling fields, now green and luxuriant at the close of a summer of unusual severity, were dry and bare, the soil hard and inflexible, its appearance indicative of that decay and decrepitude in which "the grasshoppers shall be a burden."

I feel a personal interest in these "old fields" and the story of their improvement. My first essay in their attempted renovation was in 1836, when I plowed fifty acres and sowed oats and clover, hoping through the agency of plaster of paris to secure a setting of clover. The spring was favorable; the oats sprouted, as did the clover; a good sprinkling of plaster was applied, but not one sprig of clover ever grew, and the oats were harvested on the "grab system" then so common. For the benefit of young farmers, who are presumed not to understand this mode, I will explain: The cradler makes a sweep with his cradle, and as it rises out of the grain, he "grabs" it with the left hand, and lays it down evenly in a bunch to enable the binder following after to find it. In less than ten years these lands yielded 36 bushels of wheat per acre, 100 bushels of corn, and 24 tons of hay; and the crops had paid the expense of the improvement; while the value, estimated at \$10 per acre, had advanced to \$60, and stands to day at double that sum; after large and profitable crops, have been taken for so many years, at small expense for fertilizers.

Another tract, a swamp of sixty acres, which I succeeded in draining and improving, soon bore a heavy crop of timothy, and was permanently reclaimed, becoming, from an unhealthy and unhealthy morass, a beautiful and productive meadow.

I thank God that I have lived to see the renovation inaugurated in those days so general and so successful, especially in this neighborhood, and I feel a proud satisfaction in having borne a humble part in the work of draining two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before.

Memory recurs with pleasure to my first visit to this neighborhood in 1847, a visit made at the invitation of a few of the pioneers in its improvement, who desired me to witness the effect of the system for the restoration of the worn out land, then in its infancy, now the established means of fertility and wealth. It is a system of liberal feeding, in opposition to the plan of leaving the soil to improve itself. None of these men believed that an application of manure would "fire" the crop, as many did at that day, or that star-

vation could be cured by leaving the patient to the *vis medicatrix naturæ*.

The first remedial agents were lime, plaster, ashes, poudrette, bone dust and guano, followed by the employment of all the restorative resources of an enriched soil, teeming with production, furnishing abundant and nutritious aliment for herds of thriving cattle, from which in turn increased supplies of fertilizers were obtained; and at the same time the grasses and clover, hitherto unknown in the vocabulary of the growers of tobacco and corn, were permitted to shade the soil from burning suns, to ramify it with their searching roots, create it, and fit it for seizing upon, and storing for use, plant-food from the air above and the earth beneath.

With such means these men continued their experiments in renovation, hauling six horse loads of fertilizers ten miles over rough roads from the line of the Baltimore and Washington railroad.—They had tried turning under green crops without fertilizers, but failed because the land was too poor to produce the needed material for green manuring. Innumerable are the experiments recorded in the journals of these gentlemen, some of which I have been kindly shown, which could be quoted to sustain this—invincible system—high-pressure system for the restoration of these impoverished lands. In no case do I hear of the failure where the land has been properly relieved of its superabundant moisture, thoroughly aerated, and liberally manured.

These efforts in Montgomery, Prince George's, and other counties, reports of which attracted so much attention in the public prints of that period, gave the first impulse which has wrought the magical change from "barren old fields" to the beautiful landscape which now surrounds you—a land growing under the burden of agricultural wealth, the fairest portion of your State, and worthy to rank as an honor to the highest fertility and the best culture in the Union.

Parallel with this enrichment of the soil ran the course of improvement in farm stock. Well do I remember the first exhibition of my stock, at the Montgomery County Agricultural Society cattle show in 1848, when the president's seat was so ably filled by that noble spirited and cultivated gentleman, Allen Bowie Davis.—Here were the ponderous Durhams, the symmetrical Devons, with finest of horses and mules, exhibited; and an impetus was given to stock breeding which has left an indelible impress upon the farm animals of Maryland, added to the general wealth and welfare, and materially aided in the work of renovating the worn out lands of the State.

Since that period, and as a direct result of its impelling spirit of progress, roads have been improved, new avenues of trade and traffic have been opened, shortening the distance to market, and facilitating the transportation of products and the return of fertilizers, and trade generally enlarged by the increased ability of the farmer to purchase.

While you have added depth to your available soil, have greatly increased its productive capacity, ameliorating your heavy clays, draining your low lands, and making your agriculture more systematic, reliable, and profitable, I press upon your attention the fact that the ultimate aims of progress have not yet been reached. While your experiment has settled the question of a profitable renovation of waste lands, and furnished an example which should be followed throughout; a million acres of old fields shall bloom in beauty, and bear a prolific burden for the sustenance of animal life, you should still remember that there are new fields on which to surmount new difficulties, and win new triumphs. Your lands do not yet yield an average of 30 bushels of wheat, nor are your soils always efficiently manured, and perfectly drained; you may not have tried the experiment of applying one hundred dollars' worth of manure to the acre, as have the tobacco-growers and onion-raisers of the Connecticut Valley and Rhode Island, to their very great profit; your rotations may not always be arranged with sufficient exactness to the peculiar capacity and condition of the several sections of your farms; and you have yet to introduce steam as a cheap and efficient agent in the process of tillage, and in the various mechanical operations of the farm. These works of progress must be manfully encountered, and I predict that new lessons in rural economy and agricul-

tural thrift will be taught by the farmers of this county.

Your example is of inestimable value to the Southern States, alive as they are to day with agricultural activity, mental and muscular, and earnest in efforts to adapt their husbandry to the new circumstances which imperatively demand change in modes and processes, in variety of crops and increase of industries, and especially in adopting labor-saving expedients and machines, and acquiring the mastery of the science of farm improvements and renovation. No longer should the planter be migratory, wasting field after field, and seeking new soils to devastate. Recuperation must take the place of destruction, and convenient farm buildings, roads, and other improvements will follow, and serve to foster local attachments and love of home, and to increase the general wealth and advance refinement, and promote the highest type of civilization.

Using their advantage of climate and soil, of diversifying agricultural industry, the South may yet produce the value of a hundred million dollars, *now imported*, and increase the industries of the country, the estimated value of which it would be impossible now to compute.

Our nation is entering upon a new era. With immigration, it is daily becoming more a necessity of our condition that new industries should be inaugurated, and new products grown, new processes of utilization attempted.

We are paying tens of millions of dollars annually for fibers, oils, fruits, and other aliments, medicines and dyes, which can readily be produced here, thus keeping our treasure at home, and giving rural labor a variety and range which will serve better than trades unions or any expedients of combination to keep up the price and improve the condition of the laborer, not alone the laborer upon the farm, but the worker in all the arts of mechanism and fabrication.

It is my earnest desire and deliberate purpose, in my official capacity, and through the Department of the government over which I have been called to preside, to co-operate with you, and with the friends of rural progress everywhere, in all efforts tending to the advancement of a scientific, systematic, rational and practical system of agriculture, suited to our peculiar wants and circumstances.

The Department of Agriculture is establishing relations with all organized representatives of agriculture, whether governmental or otherwise, making exchanges of seeds, plants, and publications; it is searching through the world for new and valuable plants to acclimatize, new varieties of cereals to distribute. It is stated on competent local authority that hundreds of thousands of bushels of oats are now grown in a single Western State from seed distributed a few years ago, greatly exceeding the common seed in productiveness and in quality. Similar facts, showing an increase of millions of dollars in the production of the country, through the direct agency of the Department, are filed in its archives.

The Department embraces in its work the collection and dissemination of statistics and practical information; chemical analyses of whatever will throw new light upon the mooted questions of progressive agriculture; experimental horticulture, with illustrations of landscape gardening and rural adornment; entomology, with its myriad forms of life, either favorable or inimical to vegetation; botany, with a continental field but partially worked, and promising rich rewards. These and other objects of effort are ever before us, and I believe our working corps are not entirely devoid of appreciation of the importance of efficient service, and are making a good degree of progress in the great work.

In conclusion, allow me to express the pleasure I feel in greeting again my old friends; in witnessing the evidence of your skill and industry, your taste and judgment, your comfortable homes and your improving farms. You have made a desert to bloom as a rose; you have caused much grass to grow where literally none grew before, and are therefore doubly and peculiarly benefactors. Continue to advance; take no step backward; and turn not your backs, you or your children, on so honorable a pursuit, so healthy, and so conducive to virtue and true comfort, as that by which you have already wrought results so beneficial and so substantial.

ALWAYS found wanting—begs.

From the N. Y. Commercial Path-Finder.

## Something about the Manufacture of American Piano Fortes, With a Sketch of a Representative House in this Branch of Manufacturers.

The rapid increase, both in Europe and America, within a few years, in the number of piano-fortes, in proportion to the population, is apparent to almost every one, within the limited sphere of his own observation—a fact which does not apply to any other instrument. Evidence of this adaptation of the piano to the wants of the community is also found in the large proportion of piano music now to be found on the shelves of music dealers everywhere, and in the great number of persons who obtain support by teaching the use of the instrument. The amusements of a people change with its advance in civilization; and this general tendency to transplant to the home circle those enjoyments which formerly could only be indulged abroad, is an evidence of progress.

The piano-forte originated in Germany, early in the last century. The ample fortunes and high repute acquired by Zumpf, Clementi, Kirkman, and others, in England, by Silberman, in Germany, and the Erards, in Paris, were the fruits of successive improvements and excellence in the manufacture of the piano-forte. Many improvements have been made in the piano since the Great Exhibition in London in 1851, when 173 instruments, shown by 101 exhibitors from different countries, afforded an opportunity for comparison and stimulated improvement.

Certain American manufacturers now produce instruments which the best performers acknowledged to be equal in all respects to those of any European piano makers; in fact, the most competent European judges pronounce American square pianos far superior to the best instruments made in any other country, in both power and tone. One of the most excellent is a piano-forte made by the Decker Brothers, whose warehouse is at 33 Union Square, between 16th and 17th streets.

The instruments of this firm have acquired great distinction, and some statement regarding their establishment will not be without interest to the trade and the public generally. The firm of Decker Brothers commenced the manufacture of piano-fortes in Varick street, in this city, in June, 1862. In the brief space of two years, their business exhibited a sudden and remarkable increase, attributed, in a great degree, to the uniform excellence of their workmanship, but more particularly to an improvement invented by Decker Brothers, and patented June 2, 1863.

The better to explain this improvement, we will here state that in order to sustain the enormous tensional strain of the heavy strings used in these instruments, and to keep them in tune, manufacturers construct them with the full iron plate. This plate causes the bearings of the strings at one end of the piano to overlap the iron plate, and this contact deprives the strings of much of their musical quality, and gives them a harsh, wiry tone. This disagreeable effect has been obviated by the patented Decker Brothers' improvement in the construction of the iron plate, which brings all the attachments of the strings to the tuning-pins upon wooden bearings, and also brings these attachments so much nearer to the tuning-block as greatly to reduce the strain upon the pins. Not only by this means is the tone of the piano materially improved, but it remains much longer in tune, the tuning is more easily accomplished, and the instrument gains largely in strength.

The merits of the Decker Brothers Patent Piano Forte may be briefly summed up thus: Extraordinary volume of tone; evenness throughout the scale; excellent singing quality; richness and brilliancy; superb action; and power of standing in tune much longer than any piano ever before made. Conscious of having acquired a valuable reputation, the Decker Brothers are vigilant to sustain it, and therefore they never allow a piano to pass out of their manufactory unless it possesses all of the merits above mentioned.

Their factory is a four-story building, covering ten lots on 34th and 35th streets, and is as perfectly adapted for the purposes of this business as experience and forethought could devise. The machinery, tools, etc., are of the best and most modern descriptions. It is well known to artisans in the business, and is easily susceptible of proof, that the proprietors pay

higher wages to their workmen than any other piano-forte manufacturers—a fact which is a good guarantee in itself that they obtain and secure the most expert workmen. They have, indeed, the very best workmen in the city, numbering about 100 in the various departments. Those of them who have the most important work to execute upon the piano have been with them for years.

We have seen numerous testimonials from distinguished artists, and from the press of New York and other cities, highly extolling the superior excellence of the Decker Brothers Patent Piano-Forte, while the public journals, which have given the weight of their testimony in praise of the Decker Brothers Pianos, include the Musical Review, N. Y. Tribune, Watson's Art Journal, American Artisan, N. Y. Independent, N. Y. World, N. Y. Staats Zeitung, Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, N. Y. Criminal Zeitung, and a great many others in various sections of the country.

From the Utah Gospel.

## A Utah Tragedy.

Miss Laura Claire, the beautiful daughter of Professor Ignaz Claire, the astronomer, has, it has been well known for some time, been engaged to Mr. Alfred Vivian, the young writer, author of "Hell and Heaven, which will you have?" "Think and Repent," "Prayers for the Sinners" and other beautiful tracts which have given him quite a reputation; but for some reason or other, it has been suspected that there was a coolness between them. Still, Miss Claire loved him devotedly, and the preparations for the wedding were going on. In the meanwhile, Mr. Joseph Morton, a young gent of this city, had fallen desperately in love with Miss Claire, and refused to be denied admittance to the house, although Professor Claire had several times ordered him out. He, when treated thus, declared mysteriously, that he knew certain secrets about Miss Claire, and if she did not marry him, he would repeat them.

He demanded to see her alone. This she finally consented to, and after a long interview he departed, stating he would return the next day. To this she smiled, and said, "Yes, I shall always be glad to see you." These words were repeated by one of the servants to Mr. Vivian, when he came that evening, and he asked his affianced what they meant. She said, "Nothing." He remained silent. After a while he said, "Do you love this Morton?" Miss Claire laughed and said, "Don't be a fool, Alfred." "Then you refuse to answer?" he said. She frowned. "You know I love you," she answered—"and if you ask me any more silly questions, I shall be angry." Mr. Vivian left shortly after, appearing much displeased. The next morning Mrs. Morton came. The servant noticed that Miss Claire was deadly pale, but she received him quite cordially. "You must have some wine," she said. "Of course," he replied, "with you." He took a glass and drank it.—Shortly after he departed, but before he had walked three blocks he fell to the ground, and was picked up—dead! A post mortem revealed that he had been poisoned.

Miss Claire was arrested. She sent for Vivian. "Do you believe me guilty?" she asked. "I have nothing to say," he replied. "I am, and have been for a month, engaged to be married to a gay lady in this city, and it is not right that I should be seen with you." The unfortunate young lady uttered a piercing scream. "Oh, Alfred," she shrieked, "I did it for your sake—I loved you—he could have prevented our marriage—oh, Alfred, do not desert me—save me!" Mr. Vivian tore himself away, and would have quitted the cell, when Miss Claire placed herself, with her back against the door—"Look," she said, and before he could prevent it, she had drawn a dagger, and, stabbing herself, fell dying at his feet. "I forgive you—I love you," she murmured, and her eyes closed forever. The affair has created the greatest excitement in the city.

A MOTHER at Schenectady, N. Y., was alarmed, a few nights ago, by finding a large black cat sneaking the breath of her child. The little one was quite feeble when it was awakened, and may not recover.

"REMEMBER who you are talking to, sir," said an indignant parent to a facetious boy; "I am your father, sir!" "Well, and who's to blame for that?" said young impertinence, "faint me!"

## The Dull Ox.

It is a common notion that oxen are rather stupid animals. But the Gloucester Advertiser tells of an old ox, which belongs to the Granite Company down there, which certainly is not a very dull animal; and should be classed with the horses and even the dogs for sagacity and reasoning faculties. It is the occasion which develops the man, and so, clearly, it is with animals. It seems that, of a yoke of old oxen which had long borne the heat and burden of the Granite Company's work, one had become too lame for further usefulness; and in consideration of past faithful services, the twain were made emeritus oxen of the company which they had so long served, and were turned out to grass. A few days since, the lame ox was seen limping toward the blacksmith's shop where he had been often shod, and making his way into the shoeing frame, and held up his crippled foot to the curious smith, who watched his singular movements. As this, though passing strange, was very intelligible language to the blacksmith, he immediately examined the foot, and to his great satisfaction and joy of the animal, discovered the secret of the lameness and the significance of the animal's intelligent actions: A small stone had got crowded under the shoe, and pressed on the foot in a way to produce the lameness. The stone was removed, and the animal was sent away, no doubt rejoicing in his ox heart that there was at least one man who could understand the ox language sufficiently well to relieve ox suffering.

Philosophers may call this instinct, or what they will; we call it reasoning—good, clear, satisfactory, shrewd, syllogistic reasoning—from cause to effect—from premise to conclusion.

[Boston Evening Traveller.

## A Story of General Lee.

Appropos to one of the current topics of the day, the New York Commercial relates an anecdote illustrative of the fun-loving element of General Lee's character:

The incident occurred a few years before the outbreak of the war. Among the most frequent visitors at the mansion on Arlington Heights were the Fairfaxes of Alexandria. Mrs. Fairfax was one of the General's particular favorites, and the attraction of her society were not least among the other inducements that tempted him so often from Arlington to Alexandria. One cold December morning, while riding through the streets of that most delectable settlement, he espied Mrs. F. approaching from the direction in which he was going. A few moments later he had dismounted and engaged her in conversation. The lady had armed herself against the inclemency of the weather by carrying a white muff, with which she relieved the tendency of her nose to assume a too brilliant pink, by pressing it every few moments to that frost beleaguered organ. In doing this many of the hairs came off upon her veil, a fact which the General noticed, but did not refer to until he saw a friend turning an adjacent corner and coming that way, who was somewhat notorious as a quizz. Speaking hurriedly, in an altered tone of voice, and with an affected air of trepidation, he turned to Mrs. Fairfax and said: My dear madam, here comes Judge —. Do permit me to remove those hairs from your veil—they're the same color as my beard!"

BANKS AND BRECKINRIDGE.—General Breckinridge and General Banks met the other day at the Burnet House, in Cincinnati. The two had not met for ten years. They were young members of Congress together fifteen years ago. They are old friends. One wore the blue, the other the gray. Both were leaders in the great civil war, but on opposing sides. They met after all the vicissitudes of the last decade cordially, and Banks is now at Lexington, the guest of Breckinridge. The illustration is as pleasant as it is instructive, and ought to show the red hot chips that there is not nearly so much fire and brimstone among sensible people as they think. General Banks is a most amiable and accomplished man and a most liberal politician.

[Louisville Courier-Journal.

WORTH KNOWING.—An exchange says: Housewives who are annoyed with muddy water on wash-day, might do well to remember that a piece of alum as large as a walnut will clear, as bright as a crystal, a whole hog's-head of turbid water.

## Fatal Affray in Laurens—Sensational Reports.

Private letters received in this city, yesterday, from Newberry, state that a difficulty occurred in Laurens, on Thursday, while members of the State Constabulary were attempting to arrest a Tennesseean. Shots were exchanged, and it is rumored that the two constables were killed and other parties wounded—Joe Crews among them. There are many rumors afloat, and much excitement. Several colored persons, who had arrived in Newberry, report that four of their race had been killed.

The conductor of the freight train, which left Newberry at 4 o'clock, reports that a crank car had arrived in Helena from Laurens, with young Crews aboard, who asserted that one white and four colored men had been killed, and that his father had disappeared.

Constable Hubbard has been furnished with the following information by one of his deputies: "At half-past 11 o'clock, on Thursday, a party of about 100 armed men proceeded to the residence of Mr. Jos. Crews, in Laurens, where a number of arms belonging to the colored militia were deposited, and carried them off. Deputy Constables Tyler and Kalo, who were in charge, were killed. It is reported that Volney Parrott, another deputy, was wounded. Deputy Constable F. D. Lehey is said to have been hung on the roadside. Crews ran off, but was pursued. The arms were carried off."

[Phenix, 22d.

## Dr. Chalmers' Daughter.

In one of the alleys running off from Fountain Bridge, Edinburgh, street crowded with drunkenness and pollution, is the low-roofed building in which this good woman is spending her life to help men and women out of their miseries. Her chief work is with drunkards, their wives and daughters. Some of the poor women of the neighborhood who have sober husbands complain against her, saying: "Why do you pass us? Because our husbands are good, you do not care for us. If we had married some worthless sot, you would then have taken care of us in our poverty!"

In the winter, when the nights are long and cold, you may see Helen Chalmers with her lantern going through the lanes of the city, hunting up the depraved, and bringing them out to her reform meetings. Insult her do they? Never! They would as soon think of pelting an angel of God. Fearless and strong in the righteousness of her work, she goes up to a group of intoxicated men, shakes hands with them, and takes them along to hear the Thursday-night speech on temperance.

One night, as she was standing in a low tenement, talking with the intemperate father and persuading him to a better life, a man kept walking up and down the room, as though uninterested in what was said; but finally, in his intoxication, staggered up to her and remarked: "I shall get to heaven as easy as you will: do you not think so?" Helen answered not a word, but opened her Bible, and pointed to a passage: "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." The arrow struck between the joints of the harness, and that little piece of Christian stratagem ended in the man's reformation.

[Rev. T. D. Witt Talmage.

TO CURE A DOG FROM SUCKING EGGS.—Mr. G. W. Jefferson can effectually cure his dog from sucking eggs in the following manner: Take an egg, punch a hole in it large enough to admit the little blade of a knife, and put in through the hole as much tartar emetic as he can pile on a dime piece, and give to his dog, or put in a convenient place where he can find it. Repeat three or four times within ten days or two weeks. I have had a good many suck egg hounds to contend with, and have never failed to effect a speedy and permanent cure with the above remedy.

The Tribune's summing up of the census returns of New York city, all but seven districts being official, makes a total of 930,000. This is about fifty thousand larger than the previous computations, and will not be in excess of the Marshal's official report.

The census takers throughout the country, in comparing notes, find that the highest age attained by unmarried women is 26 years. Heretofore it used to be 23. It is well to have the time definitely fixed when women cease to grow older.